

you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neere?

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countie, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smooke Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire

That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who euer shoots at him, I let him there.

Who euer charges on his forward breft

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the raine Lyon when he roar'd

With sharpe count'raint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarfe,

As oft it looses all: I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To conso late thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore thee) I'll scale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,
drumme and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we

Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence

Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is a charge too heauy for my strength, but yet

Wee'l strue to beare it for your worthy sake;

To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme

As thy auspicious mistress;

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue

A loner of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:

Might you not know she would do, as she has done,

By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter. I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France.

La. Ambitious loue haue so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon

With sainted vow my faults to haue amended.

Write, write, that from the bloods comst of warre,
My dearest *Maister* your deare sonne, may be
Blesse him at home in peace. *Whilist I from farre,
His name with zealous seruour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgine:
I his despitifull Inno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to line,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rinaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue bene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrue,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, reprecue him from the wrath
Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rinaldo*,

To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euery word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greatest griefe,
Though little he do seele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,

Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in fence
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Griefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
Exeunt

A Tucket as farre off.

Enter old *Widow* of Florence, her daughter, *Palma*
and *Mariana*, with other
Citizens.

Widow. May come,
For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable seruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their greatst Commander,

And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,

They are gone a contrarie waye harke,

you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selues with the report of it.

Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,

And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entile-
ments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath bene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined
with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.
Enter Helles.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
He question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
you bound?

Hel. To *S. Iaques la grand*.
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march as farre.*

Wid. I marrie is't. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse

As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leifure.

Wid. you came I thinke from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countsmen of yours

That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,

Reports but counsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleeue with him,

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddess forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthony* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue

That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee

melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he

has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring

you, Where you shall host: Of inioun'd penitents

There's foure or fue, to great *S. Iaques* bound,

Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me, and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,

Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him

haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,

hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiued in him.

Cap. E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct

knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him

as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-

nite and endlesse Lye, an hourly promise-breaker, the

owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships

entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too

farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some

great and trustie businesse, in a maine danger, fayle

you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try

him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his

drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder-

take to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-